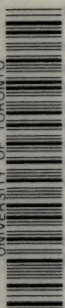


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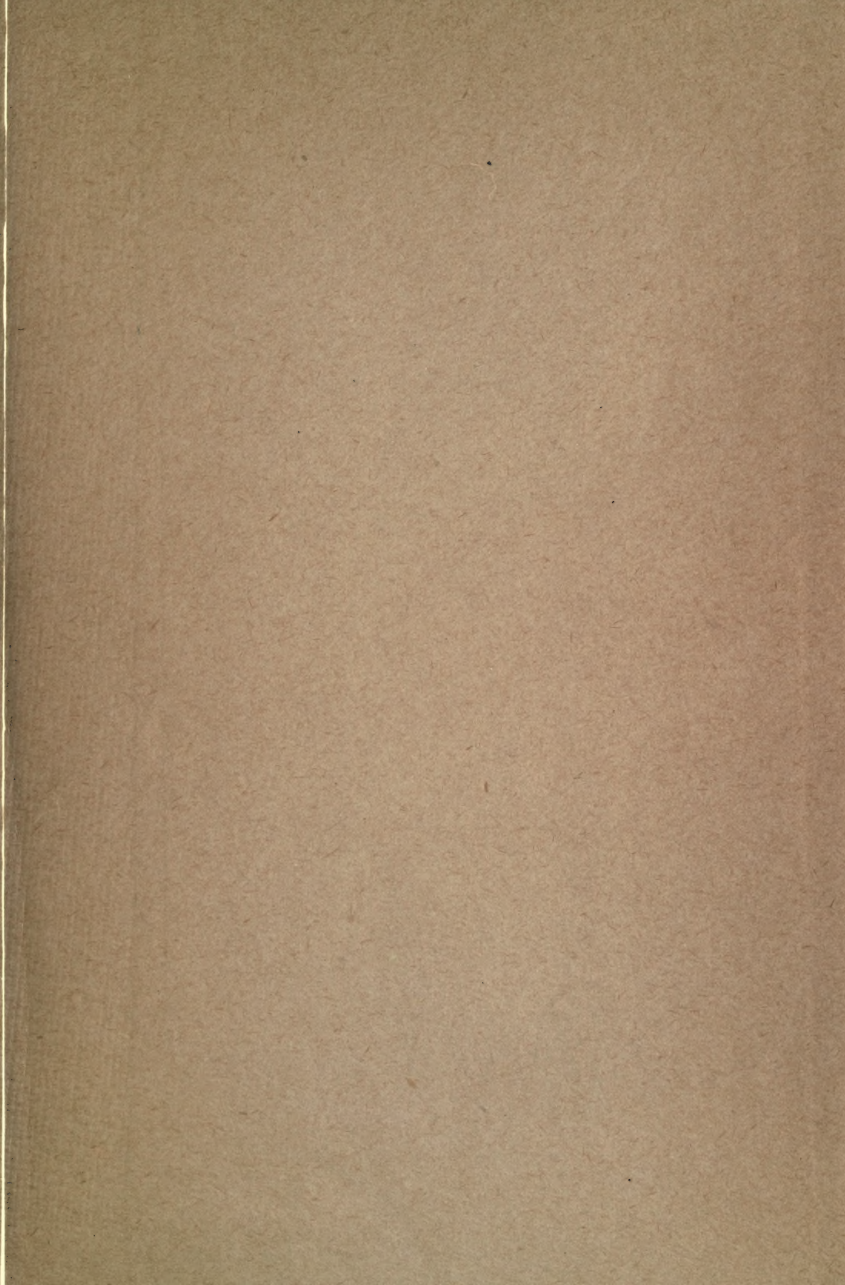
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LOYALTIES



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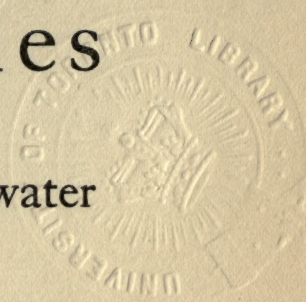
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Loyalties

by John Drinkwater



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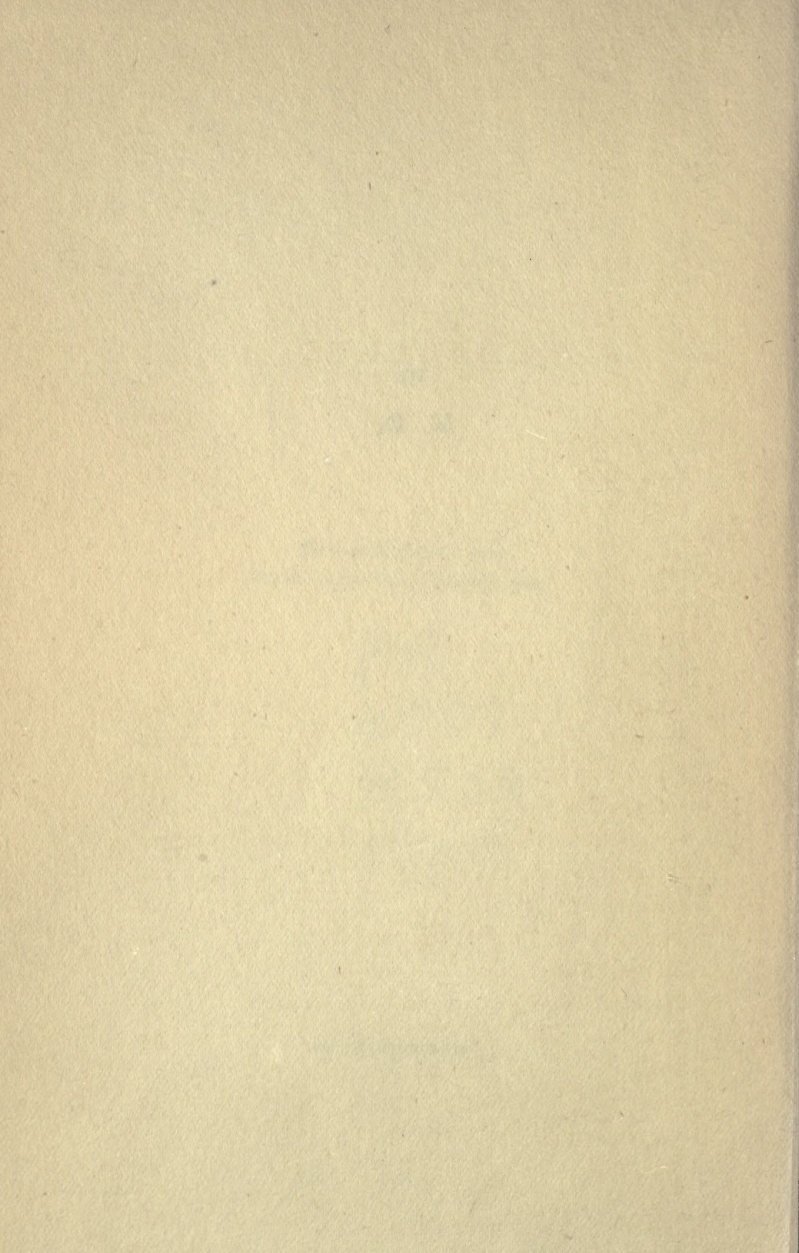


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TO
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LOYALTIES

HABITATION

HIGH up in the sky there, now, you know,
In this May twilight, our cottage is asleep,
Tenantless, and no creature there to go
Near it but Mrs. Fry's fat cows, and sheep
Dove-coloured, as is Cotswold. No one hears
Under that cherry-tree the night-jars yet,
The windows are uncurtained ; on the stairs
Silence is but by tip-toe silence met.
All doors are fast there. It is a dwelling put by
From use for a little, or long, up there in the
sky.

Empty ; a walled-in silence, in this twilight of
May—
A home for lovers, and friendly withdrawing,
and sleep,
With none to love there, nor laugh, nor climb
from the day
To the candles and linen. . . . Yet in the silence
creep,

This minute, I know, little ghosts, little virtuous
lives,
Breathing upon that still, insensible place,
Touching the latches, sorting the napkins and
knives,
And such for the comfort of being, and bowls
for the grace,
That roses will brim ; they are creeping from
that room to this,
One room, and two, till the four are visited . . .
they,
Little ghosts, little lives, are our thoughts in
this twilight of May,
Signs that even the curious man would miss,
Of travelling lovers to Cotswold, signs of an
hour,
Very soon, when up from the valley in June will
ride
Lovers by Lynch to Oakridge up in the wide
Bow of the hill, to a garden of lavender
flower. . . .

The doors are locked ; no foot falls ; the hearths
are dumb—
But we are there—we are waiting ourselves
who come.

BLACKBIRD

HE comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful, and sings
Over the gardens of the town
Just at the hour the sun goes down.
His flight across the chimneys thick,
By some divine arithmetic,
Comes to his customary stack,
And couches there his plumage black,
And there he lifts his yellow bill,
Kindled against the sunset, till
These suburbs are like Dymock woods
Where music has her solitudes,
And while he mocks the winter's wrong
Rapt on his pinnacle of song,
Figured above our garden plots
Those are celestial chimney-pots.

SOUTHAMPTON BELLS

I

LONG ago some builder thrust
Heavenward in Southampton town
His spire and beamed his bells,
Largely conceiving from the dust
That pinnacle for ringing down
Orisons and Noël's.

In his imagination rang,
Through generations challenging
His peal on simple men,
Who, as the heart within him sang,
In daily townfaring should sing
By year and year again.

II

Now often to their ringing go
The bellmen with lean Time at heel,
Intent on daily cares ;
The bells ring high, the bells ring low,
The ringers ring the builder's peal
Of tidings unawares.

And all the bells might well be dumb
For any quickening in the street
Of customary ears ;
And so at last proud builders come
With dreams and virtues to defeat
Among the clouding years.

III

Now, waiting on Southampton sea
For exile, through the silver night
I hear Noël ! Noël !
Through generations down to me
Your challenge, builder, comes aright,
Bell by obedient bell.

You wake an hour with me ; then wide
Though be the lapses of your sleep
You yet shall wake again ;
And thus, old builder, on the tide
Of immortality you keep
Your way from brain to brain.

MYSTERY

THINK not that mystery has place
In the obscure and veiled face,
Or when the midnight watches are
Unaccompanied of moon or star,
Or where the fields and forests lie
Enfolded from the loving eye
By fogs rebellious to the sun,
Or when the poet's rhymes are spun
From dreams that even in his own
Imagining are half-unknown.

These are not mystery, but mere
Conditions that deny the clear
Reality that lies behind
The weak, unspeculative mind,
Behind contagions of the air
And screens of beauty everywhere,
The brooding and tormented sky,
The hesitation of an eye.

Look rather when the landscapes glow
Through crystal distances as though
The forty shires of England spread
Into one vision harvested,
Or when the moonlit waters lie
In silver cold lucidity ;
Those countenances search that bear
Witness to very character,

And listen to the song that weighs
A life's adventure in a phrase—
These are the founts of wonder, these
The plainer miracles to please
The brain that reads the world aright ;
Here is the mystery of light.

MRS. WILLOW

MRS. THOMAS WILLOW seems very glum.
Her life, perhaps, is very lonely and hum-drum,
Digging up potatoes, cleaning out the weeds,
Doing the little for a lone woman's needs.
Who was her husband? How long ago?
What does she wonder? What does she know?
Why does she listen over the wall,
Morning and noon-time and twilight and all,
As though forgotten were some footfall?

"Good morning, Mrs. Willow." "Good morning, sir,"

Is all the conversation I can get from her.
And her path-stones are white as lilies of the wood,

And she washes this and that till she must be very good.

She sends no letters, and no one calls,
And she doesn't go whispering beyond her walls;

Nothing in her garden is secret, I think—
That's all sun-bright with foxglove and pink.
And she doesn't hover round old cupboards and shelves

As old people do who have buried themselves;
She has no late lamps, and she digs all day
And polishes and plants in a common way,
But glum she is, and she listens now and then

For a footfall, a footfall, a footfall again,
And whether it's hope, or whether it's dread,
Or a poor old fancy in her head,
I shall never be told ; it will never be said.

CONSTANCY

THE shadows that companion me
From chronicles and poetry
More constant and substantial are
Than these my men familiar,
Who draw with me uncertain breath
A little while this side of death ;
For you, my friend, may fail to keep
To-morrow's tryst, so darkly deep
The motions mutable that give
To flesh its brief prerogative,
And in the pleasant hours we make
Together for devotion's sake,
Always the testament I see
That is our twin mortality.
But those from the recorded page
Keep an eternal pilgrimage.
They stedfastly inhabit here
With no mortality to fear,
And my communion with them
Ails not in the mind's stratagem
Against the sudden blow, the date
That once must fall unfortunate.
They fret not nor persuade, and when
These graduates I entertain,
I grieve not that I too must fall
As you, my friend, to funeral,
But rather find example there
That, when my boughs of time are
bare,

And nothing more the body's chance
Governs my careful circumstance,
I shall, upon that later birth,
Walk in immortal fields of earth.

BUDS

THE raining hour is done,
And, threaded on the bough,
The may-buds in the sun
Are shining emeralds now.

As transitory these
As things of April will,
Yet, trembling in the trees,
Is briefer beauty still.

For, flowering from the sky
Upon an April day,
Are silver buds that lie
Amid the buds of may.

The April emeralds now,
While thrushes fill the lane,
Are linked along the bough
With silver buds of rain.

And, straightly though to earth
The buds of silver slip,
The green buds keep the mirth
Of that companionship.

CROCUSES

TO E. H. C.

DESIRES,
Little determined desires,
Gripped by the mould,
Moving so hardly among
The earth, of whose heart they were bred,
That is old ; it is old,
Not gracious to little desires such as these,
But apter for work on the bases of trees,
Whose branches are hung
Overhead,
Very mightily, there overhead.

Through the summer they stirred,
They strove to the bulbs after May,
Until harvest and song of the bird
Went together away ;
And ever till coming of snows
They worked in the mould, for undaunted were
those

Swift little determined desires, in the earth
Without sign, any day,
Ever shaping to marvels of birth,
Far away.

And we went
Without heed
On our way,
Never knowing what virtue was spent,
Day by day,

By those little desires that were gallant to breed
Such beauty as fortitude may.
Not once in our mind
Was that corner of earth under trees,
Very mighty and tall,
As we travelled the roads and the seas,
And gathered the wage of our kind,
And were laggard or trim to the call
Of the duties that lengthen the hours
Into seasons that flourish and fall.

And blind,
In the womb of the flowers,
Unresting they wrought,
In the bulbs, in the depth of the year,
Buried far from our thought ;
Till one day, when the thrushes were clear
In their note it was spring—and they know—
Unheeding we came into sight
Of that corner forgotten, and lo,
They had won through the meshes of mould,
And treasures lay in the light,
Of ivory, purple, and gold.

REALITY

It is strange how we travel the wide world over,
And see great churches and foreign streets,
And armies afoot and kings of wonder,
And deeds a-doing to fill the sheets
That grave historians will pen
To ferment the brains of simple men.

And all the time the heart remembers
The quiet habit of one far place,
The drawings and books, the turn of a passage,
The glance of a dear familiar face,
And there is the true cosmopolis,
While the thronging world a phantom is.

SHOWS

JUST as with men and women met
In daily usage of the town,
I treat with you, and this forget
In charity, and that set down
Where memory your honour keeps.

And you approach me every day
With an indifferent judgment, count
My virtues from my frailties, weigh
Coldly the motives at the fount
Whence welling every action leaps.

And this the world sees ; this it knows
For all the marriage of our wit.
And thus the world divines the shows
Of service, while the pearl of it
Glows in unfathomable deeps.

CHARACTER

If one should tell you that in such a spring
The hawthorn boughs into the blackbird's nest
Poured poison, or that once at harvesting
The ears were stony, from so manifest
Slander of proven faith in tree and corn
You would turn unheeding, knowing him for-
sworn.

Yet now, when one whose life has never known
Corruption, as you know : whose days have been
As daily tidings in your heart of lone
And gentle courage, suffers the word unclean
Of envious tongues, doubting you dare not cry—
“ I have been this man's familiar, and you lie.”

RUPERT BROOKE

(DIED APRIL 23, 1915)

TO-DAY I have talked with old Euripides ;
 Shakespeare this morning sang for my content
Of chimney-sweepers ; through the Carian trees
 Comes beating still the nightingales' lament ;
The Tabard ales to-day are freshly brewed ;
 Wordsworth is with me, mounting Loughrigg
 Fell ;
All timeless deaths in Lycid are renewed,
 And basils blossom yet for Isabel.

Quick thoughts are these ; they do not pass ;
 they gave
 Only to death such little, casual things
As are the noteless levies of the grave,—
 Sad flesh, weak verse, and idle marketings.
So my mortality for yours complains,
While our immortal fellowship remains.

ON READING FRANCIS LEDWIDGE'S
LAST SONGS

At April's end, when blossoms break
To birth upon my apple tree,
I know the certain year will take
Full harvest of this infancy.

At April's end, when comes the dear
Occasion of your valley tune,
I know your beauty's arc is here,
A little ghostly morning moon.

Yet are these fosterlings of rhyme
As fortunately born to spend
Happy conspiracies with time
As apple flowers at April's end.

CHARGE TO THE PLAYERS

THE TROJAN WOMEN, BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY
THEATRE, APRIL 1918

SHADES, that our town-fellows have come
To hear awake for Christendom
This cleansing of a Pagan wrong
In flowing tides of tragic song,—
You shadows that the living call
To walk again the Trojan wall,—
You lips and countenance renewed
Of an immortal fortitude,—
Know that, among the silent rows
Of these our daily town-fellows,
Watching the shades with these who bring
But mortal ears to this you sing,
There somewhere sits the Greek who made
This gift of song, himself a shade.

NEMESIS

WHILE honour droops, your argument
Brings you the profits of your trade
And nothing mars your foul content
Where truth's a shade.

And we, sad wisdom, are but dumb
Herds of the waste, until again
The angels of persuasion come
To govern men.

If you should prosper for a year,
Or if uncalendared the date,
Truth as a patient gosseller
Will wait, and wait.

While we in speculation brood
Your evil tongues are on the mount,
Till every poor unlessoned mood
Comes to account.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HERITAGE

BORN in the Cotswolds in eighteen-forty or so,
Bred on a hill-top that seemed the most of the
world

Until he travelled the valleys, and found what
a wonder

Of leagues from Gloucester lay to Stroud or
Cicester,

John Heritage was a tiler. He split the stone,
After the frosts, and learnt the laying of tiles,
And was famous about the shire. And he was
friendly

With Cotswold nature, hearing the hidden rooks
In Golden Vale, and the thin bleat of goats,
And the rattling harness of Trilly's teams at
plough,

And Richard Parker's scythe for many years,
As he went upon his tiling ; and the great land-
marks,

As loops of the Severn seen from Bisley Hill,
Were his familiars, something of his religion.

And he prospered, as men do. His little wage
Yet left a little over his wedded needs,
And here a cottage he bought, and there another,
About the Cotswolds, built of the royallest stone
That's quarried in England, until he could think
of age

With an easy mind ; and an acre of land was his

Where at hay-harvest he worked a little from
 tiling,
Making his rick maturely or damning the wind
That scattered the swathes beyond his fork's
 controlling.
And he trotted ajog to the town on market
 Thursdays,
Driving a stout succession of good black geldings,
That cropped his acre some twenty years apiece.
And he was an honest neighbour ; and so he
 grew old,
And five strong sons, grizzled and middle-aged,
Carried him down the hill, and on a stone
The mason cut—" John Heritage, who died,
Fearing the Lord, at the age of seventy-six."

And I know that some of us shatter our hearts
 on earth,
With mightier aims than ever John Heritage
 knew,
And think such things as never the tiler thought,
Because of our pride and our eagerness of
 mind . . .
But a life complete is a great nobility,
And there's a wisdom biding in Cotswold stone,
While we in our furious intellectual travel
Fall in with strange foot-fellows on the road.

THOMAS YARNTON OF TARLTON

ONE of those old men fearing no man,
Two hundred broods his eaves have known
Since they cut on a Sapperton churchyard
stone—

“Thomas Yarnton of Tarlton, Yeoman.”

At dusk you can hear the yeomen calling
The cattle still to Sapperton stalls,
And still the stroke of the woodman falls
As Thomas of Tarlton heard it falling.

I walked these meadows in seventeen-hundred,
Seed of his loins, a dream that stirred
Beyond the shape of a yeoman's word,
So faint that but unawares he wondered.

And now, from the weeds of his tomb uncomely,
I travel again the tracks he made,
And walks at my side the yeoman shade
Of Thomas Yarnton of Tarlton dumbly.

WRITTEN IN WINTERBORNE CAME
CHURCH

(WILLIAM BARNES, 1801-1886)

TO MRS. THOMAS HARDY

I DO not use to listen well
At sermon time,
I'd rather hear the plainest rhyme
Than tales the parsons tell ;

The homespun of experience
They will not wear,
But walk a transcendental air
In dusty rags of sense.

But humbly in your little church
Alone I watch ;
Old rector, lift again the latch,
Here is a heart to search.

Come, with a simple word and wise
Quicken my brain,
And while upon the painted pane
The painted butterflies

Beat in the early April beams,
You shall instruct
My spirit in the knowledge plucked
From your still Dorset dreams.

Your word shall strive with no obscure
Debated text,
Your vision being unperplexed,
Your loving purpose pure.

I know you'll speak of April flowers,
Or lambs in pen,
Or happy-hearted maids and men
Weaving their April hours.

Or rising to your thought will come,
For lessoning,
Those lovers of an older spring,
That now in tombs are dumb.

And brooding in your theme shall be,
Half said, half heard,
The presage of a poet's word
To mock mortality.

.

The years are on your grave the while,
And yet, almost,
I think to see your surpliced ghost
Stand hesitant in the aisle,

Find me sole congregation there,
Assess my mood,
Know mine a kindred solitude,
And climb the pulpit-stair.

THE FUGITIVE

BEAUTY has come to make no longer stay
Than the bright buds of may
In May-time do.

Beauty is with us for one hour, one hour,
Life is so brief a flower ;
Thoughts are so few.

Thoughts are so few with mastery to give
Shape to these fugitive
Dear brevities,

That even in its hour beauty is blind,
Because the shallow mind
Not sees, not sees.

And in the mind of man only can be
Alert prosperity
For beauty brief.

So, what can be but little comes to less
Upon the wilderness
Of unbelief.

And beauty that has but an hour to spend
With you for friend,
Goes outcast by.

But know, but know—for all she is outcast—
It is not she at last,
But you that die.

TRIAL

BEAUTY of old and beauty yet to be,
Stripped of occasion, have security ;
This hour it is searches the judgment through,
When masks of beauty walk with beauty too.

PERSPECTIVE

IN the Wheatsheaf parlour I sat to see
The story of Chippington street go by,
The squire, and dames of little degree,
And drovers with cattle and flocks to cry.

And these were all as my creatures there,
Twinkling to and fro in the sun,
And placidly I had joy, had care,
Of all their labours and dealings done.

Into the parlour strode me then
Two fellows fiercely set at odds,
To whom the difference of men
Gave the sufficiency of gods.

They saw me, and they stept beyond
To a chamber within earshot still,
And each on each of broken bond,
And honour, and inflexible will,

Railed. And loud the little inn grew,
But nothing I cared their quarrel to learn,
Though the issue tossing between the two
They deemed the bait of the world's concern.

Only I thought how most are men
Fantastic when they most are proud,
And out of my laughter I looked again
On the flowing figures of Chippington crowd.

AT AN INN

WE are talkative proud, and assured, and self-sufficient,

The quick of the earth this day;

This inn is ours, and its courtyard, and English history,

And the Post Office up the way.

The stars in their changes, and heavenly speculation,

The habits of birds and flowers,

And character bred of poverty and riches,

All these are ours.

The world is ours, and these its themes and its substance,

And of these we are free men and wise;

Among them all we move in possession and judgment,

For a day, till it dies.

But in eighteen-hundred-and-fifty, who were the tenants,

Sure and deliberate as we?

They knew us not in the time of their ascension,
Their self-sufficiency.

And in nineteen-hundred-and-fifty this inn shall flourish,

And history still be told,

And the heat of blood shall thrive, and speculation,

When we are cold.

MOONRISE

WHERE are you going, you pretty riders?—

To the moon's rising, the rising of death's
moon,

Where the waters move not, and birds are still
and songless,

Soon, very soon.

Where are you faring to, you proud Hectors?

Through battle, out of battle, under the grass,
Dust behind your hoof-beats rises, and into dust,
Clouded, you pass.

I'm a pretty rider, I'm a proud Hector,

I as you a little am pretty and proud ;

I with you am riding, riding to the moonrise,
So sing we loud—

“ Out beyond the dust lies mystery of moonrise,
We go to chiller learning than is bred in the
sun,

Hectors, and riders, and a simple singer,
Riding as one.”

OF ILES FARM

(TO MY FRIENDS THERE)

HERE is a theme for graver tones
Than now I sing.
It shelters you ; it is a pole
For thought upon your travelling ;
Here dreams established are in stones,
To mark and bring
Irresolutions to control
From truant wing.

But not of these my argument.
I celebrate
Your hearth, your comfortable speech
Of young years and late,
Your courtesies that are content
To sow and wait,
For these as planets are to teach
My travel to your gate.

TO SIEGFRIED SASSOON

It was you and your friends Robert Graves and
Nichols that made me feel
That a young man was passing from youth into
middle-age ;
I had heard many a younger song, but none to
steal
Pride of youth from our songs who sang from
Gloucestershire,
And then you came with your chronicles of a
queer new pilgrimage.

And I knew that the difficult moods had come
again with fire
To touch the brains of men who were boys to
my passing youth,
And I was glad, for the true song is the poet's
desire,
Though he hear it afar on the dawn when he
passes the eye of noon,
And I was glad for the springing of seed from
the shares of truth.

And, though you sang of a grief that gathered
your hearts too soon,
It was not grief that beckoned your thought
to the tides of song,
But only an old Leviticus renewed in our waning
June,

That gave due time to your primroses, and
started a frozen wing.

And the young man gives to the younger the
salutation of song,

For lonely is companionship of the prides that
sing.

PROVOCATIONS

I AM no merry monger when
I see the slatterns of the town :
I hate to think of docile men
Whose angers all are driven down ;
For sluts make joy a thing obscene,
And in contempt is nothing clean.

I like to see the ladies walk
With heels to set their chins atilt :
I like to hear the clergy talk
Of other clergy's people's guilt ;
For happy is the amorous eye,
And indignation clears the sky.

INSTRUCTION

I HAVE a place in a little garden,
That laurel-leaf and fern
Keep a cool place though fires of summer
All the green grasses burn.
Little cool winds creep there about
When winds all else are dead,
And tired limbs there find gentle keeping,
And humours of sloth are shed.

So do your songs come always to me,
Poets of age and age,
Clear and cool as rivers of wind
Threading my hermitage,
Stilling my mind from tribulation
Of life half-seen, half-heard,
With images made in the brain's quietness,
And the leaping of a word.

RESPONSIBILITY

You ploughmen at the gate,
All that you are for me
Is of my mind create,
And in my brain to be
A figure newly won
From the world's confusion.

And if you are of grace,
That's honesty for me,
And if of evil face,
Recorded then shall be
Dishonour that I saw
Not beauty, but the flaw.

HISTORY

SOMETIMES, when walls and occupation seem
A prison merely, a dark barrier
Between me everywhere
And life, or the larger province of the mind,
As dreams confined,
As the trouble of a dream,
I seek to make again a life long gone,
To be
My mind's approach and consolation,
To give it form's lucidity,
Resilient form, as porcelain pieces thrown
In buried China by a wrist unknown,
Or mirrored brigs upon Fowey sea.

Then to my memory comes nothing great
Of purpose, or debate,
Or perfect end,
Pomp, nor love's rapture, nor heroic hours to
 spend—
But most, and strangely, for long and so much
 have I seen,
Comes back an afternoon
Of a June
Sunday at Elsfield, that is up on a green
Hill, and there,
Through a little farm parlour door,
A floor
Of red tiles and blue,

And the air

Sweet with the hot June sun cascading through
The vine-leaves under the glass, and a scarlet
fume

Of geranium flower, and soft and yellow bloom
Of musk, and stains of scarlet and yellow glass.

Such are the things remain

Quietly, and for ever, in the brain,

And the things that they choose for history-
making pass.

THE TALENT

WHEN we as ghosts inhabit history,
In reputation happy or forlorn,
Uncounted then shall all our quarrels be
As any dusty calendar outworn.

“ They, with what wit they might, immortal
dress
Devised for instant beauty ere they died ”
So shall we live, but shall not live by less ;
O brief and bitter hearts, be pacified.

DEAR AND INCOMPARABLE

DEAR and incomparable
Is that love to me
Flowing out of the woodlands,
Out of the sea ;
Out of the firmament breathing
Between pasture and sky,
For no reward is cherished here
To reckon by.

It is not of my earning,
Nor forfeit I can
This love that flows upon
The poverty of man,
Though faithless and unkind
I sleep and forget,
This love that asks no wage of me
Waits my waking yet.

Of such is the love, dear,
That you fold me in,
It knows no governance
Of virtue or sin ;
From nothing of my achieving
Shall it enrichment take,
And the glooms of my unworthiness
It will not forsake.

THE WOOD

I WALKED a nut-wood's gloom. And overhead
A pigeon's wing beat on the hidden boughs,
And shrews upon shy tunnelling woke thin
Late winter leaves with trickling sound. Across
My narrow path I saw the carrier ants
Burdened with little pieces of bright straw.
These things I heard and saw, with senses fine
For all the little traffic of the wood,
While everywhere, above me, underfoot,
And haunting every avenue of leaves,
Was mystery, unresting, taciturn.

.
And haunting the lucidities of life
That are my daily beauty, moves a theme.
Beating along my undiscovered mind.

AT AN EARTHWORKS

RINGED high with turf the arena lies,
The neighbouring world unseen, unheard,
Here are but unhorizoned skies,
And on the skies a passing bird,

The conies and a wandering sheep,
The castings of the chambered mole,—
These, and the haunted years that keep
Lost agonies of blood and soul.

They say that in the midnight moon
The ghostly legions gather yet,
And hear a ghostly timbrel-tune,
And see a ghostly combat met.

These are but yeoman's tales. And here
No marvel on the midnight falls,
But starlight marvellously clear,
Being girdled in these shadowy walls.

Yet now strange glooms of ancestry
Creep on me through this morning light,
Some spectral self is seeking me . . .
I will not parley with the night.

THE PATRIOT

SCARCE is my life more dear to me,
Brief tutor of oblivion,
Than fields below the rookery
That comfortably looks upon
The little street of Piddington.

I never think of Avon's meadows,
Ryton woods or Rydal mere,
Or moon-tide moulding Cotswold shadows,
But I know that half the fear
Of death's indifference is here.

I love my land. No heart can know
The patriot's mystery, until
It aches as mine for woods ablown
In Gloucestershire with daffodil,
Or Bicester brakes that violets fill.

No man can tell what passion surges
For the house of his nativity
In the patriot's blood, until he purges
His grosser mood of jealousy,
And comes to meditate with me

Of gifts of earth that stamp his brain
As mine the pools of Ludlow mill,
The hazels fencing Trilly's Lane,
And Forty Acres under Brill,
The ferry under Elsfield hill.

These are what England is to me,
Not empire, nor the name of her
Ranging from pole to tropic sea.
These are the soil in which I bear
All that I have of character.

That men my fellows near and far
May live in like communion,
Is all I pray ; all pastures are
The best beloved beneath the sun ;
I have my own ; I envy none.

DEER

SHY in their herding dwell the fallow deer.
They are spirits of wild sense. Nobody near
Comes upon their pastures. There a life they

live,

Of sufficient beauty, phantom, fugitive,
Treading as in jungles free leopards do,
Printless as evelight, instant as dew.
The great kine are patient, and home-coming
sheep

Know our bidding. The fallow deer keep
Delicate and far their counsels wild,
Never to be folded reconciled
To the spoiling hand as the poor flocks are ;
Lightfoot, and swift, and unfamiliar,
These you may not hinder, unconfined
Beautiful flocks of the mind.

ON A LAKE

SWEET in the rushes
The reed-singers make
A music that hushes
The life of the lake;
The leaves are dumb,
And the tides are still,
And no calls come
From the flocks on the hill.

Forgotten now
Are nightingales,
And on his bough
The linnet fails,—
Midway the mere
My mirrored boat
Shall rest and hear
A slenderer note.

Though, heart, you measure
But one proud rhyme,
You build a treasure
Confounding time—
Sweet in the rushes
The reed-singers make
A music that hushes
The life of the lake.

HARVEST MOON

"HUSH!" was my whisper
At the stair-top
When the waggoners were down below
Home from the barley-crop.
Through the high window
Looked the harvest moon,
While the waggoners sang
A harvest tune,—
"Hush!" was my whisper when
Marjory stept
Down from her attic-room,
A true-love-adept.

"Fill a can, fill a can,"
Waggoners of heart were they,
"Harvest-home, harvest-home,
Barleycorn is home to-day." . . .
"Marjory, hush now—
Harvest—you hear?"—
Red was the moon's rose
On the full year,
The cobwebs shook, so well
Did the waggoners sing—
"Hush!"—there was beauty at
That harvesting.

PASSAGE

WHEN you deliberate the page
Of Alexander's pilgrimage,
Or say—"It is three years, or ten,
Since Easter slew Connolly's men,"
Or prudently to judgment come
Of Antony or Absalom,
And think how duly are designed
Case and instruction for the mind,
Remember then that also we,
In a moon's course, are history.

THE COMMON LOT

WHEN youth and summertime are gone,
And age puts quiet garlands on,
And in the speculative eye
The fires of emulation die,
But as to-day our time shall be
Trembling upon eternity,
While, still inconstant in debate,
We shall on revelation wait,
And age as youth will daily plan
The sailing of the caravan.

TO ONE I LOVE

As I walked along the passage, in the night,
 beyond the stairs,
In the dark,
I was afraid,
Suddenly,
As will happen you know, my dear, it will often
 happen.
I knew the walls at my side,
Knew the drawings hanging there, the order of
 their placing,
And the door where my bed lay beyond,
And the window on the landing—
There was even a little ray of moonlight through
 it—
All was known, familiar, my comfortable home ;
And yet I was afraid,
Suddenly,
In the dark, like a child, of nothing,
Of vastness, of eternity, of the queer pains of
 thought,
Such as used to trouble me when I heard,
When I was little, the people talk
On Sundays of " As it was in the Beginning,
Is Now, and Ever Shall Be. . . ."
I am thirty-six years old,
And folk are friendly to me,
And there are no ghosts that should have reason
 to haunt me,
And I have tempted no magical happenings

By forsaking the clear noons of thought
For the wizardries that the credulous take
To be golden roads to revelation.
I knew all was simplicity there,
Without conspiracy, without antagonism,
And yet I was afraid,
Suddenly,
A child, in the dark, forlorn. . . .
And then, as suddenly,
I was aware of a profound, a miraculous under-
standing,
Knowledge that comes to a man
But once or twice, as a bird's note
In the still depth of the night
Striking upon the silence . . .
I stood at the door, and there
Was mellow candle-light,
And companionship, and comfort,
And I knew
That it was even so,
That it must be even so
With death.
I knew
That no harm could have touched me out of
my fear,
Because I had no grudge against anything,
Because I had desired
In the darkness, when fear came,
Love only, and pity, and fellowship,
And it would have been a thing monstrous,
Something defying nature

And all the simple universal fitness
For any force there to have come evilly
Upon me, who had no evil in my heart,
But only trust, and tenderness
For every presence about me in the air,
For the very shadow about me,
Being a little child for no one's envy.
And I knew that God
Must understand that we go
To death as little children,
Desiring love so simply, and love's defence,
And that he would be a barren God, without
 humour,
To cheat so little, so wistful, a desire,
That he created
In us, in our childishness . . .
And I may never again be sure of this,
But there, for a moment,
In the candle-light,
Standing at the door,
I knew.

HARVESTING

PALE sheaves of oats, pocked by untimely rain,
 Under October skies,
 Teased and forlorn,
Ungathered lie where still the tardy wain
 Comes not to seal
 The seasons of the corn,
From prime to June, with running barns of
 grain.

Now time with me is at the middle year,
 The register of youth
 Is now to sing . . .
My thoughts are ripe, my moods are in full ear ;
 That they should fail
 Of harvesting,
Uncarried on cold fields, is all my fear.

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J. D.

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